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Title: Seraphim History Bk.III

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I was happy as ever then,  
our Rohan was back! But,  
to my dismay, as the war  
ended, and the Orcs were  
driven underground, Rohan  
returned, alive and yet  
still dead. He came home,  
tended to his armor and  
weapons, and spoke little  
about the war. He sank  
back into his sullen pit  
of memory, and donned  
the color black, instead  
of the bright hued purple  
of his family colors.  
Seeing this I knew he  
was beyond our reach,  
and wanted nothing to do  
with us, or the larger  
world unless some new  
foe came to threaten. I  
myself had found a new  
foe, the Ice Daemons.  
Regardless of whether  
they were akin to those  
that stole my Sasche's  
soul or not, I hunted  
them as vigorously as  
any. In those bleak cold  
caves of Ice I met one  
who reminded me of Sas,  
yet, was much different  
and new. Her name was  
Marissa, auburn haired,  
fair skinned, a shapely  
young maiden as I had  
seen. I ran into her  
several times and we  
spoke often. I finally  
came out of my witless  
stupor, and realized I had  
seen her many times  
before that, at the east  
bank. I introduced her to  
Tragg and Sam, and all I  
had become familiar with  
around town. She found a  
place within the clan, as

she was like-minded, fair  
of speech, and word. We  
all accepted her among us  
gladly. At this time I  
could easily veer off on  
many tangents, sparked by  
so many folks we have  
been touched by. Alas,  
this is not the time. I  
had joined a new guild  
made up of all tamers,  
and my time was devoted  
mostly to that. Terhan  
developed another skill  
problem and sulked off to  
debate the choices. Rohan  
stayed home mostly, and  
Doc managed to lose  
several vendors in  
succession. So it was,  
that I put my foot down  
and forbade him from any  
more outside business's.  
Bruce was focused on his  
endeavors, and the age  
passed on. A new age  
was fast approaching, and  
many changes paved the  
way for it's arrival. Many  
friends left the realm,  
and many new ones filled  
the voids left behind. So  
it was rumored, and  
discovered that the age  
of shadows was closing in  
upon us. Old enemies in  
new and horrible disguises  
arose, a new land lay  
opened to all who dared  
venture there, and with  
a horrible vengeance Yew  
was turned into a  
festering marshland. It  
wasn't long after that  
threat of Blackthorne had  
been squelched, Rohans  
younger brother Balor  
came to share news of  
his father, and sister  
Aurora. Balor and Aurora  
were the twins, and their  
birth spelled the death of  
their mother. Rohan  
although happy to see his  
brother, and hear news,  
was twice saddened by  
Balors arrival. For not  
only were there the

reawakened memories of  
his mothers death, but,  
the grim news of Fathers  
failing health. It was  
never spoken aloud, but  
during their conversations  
I pieced together some  
riddles of time. It seemed  
to me that the time  
about whence Father  
began complaining of  
ailments, was similarly the  
about the same time  
Rohan had suffered his  
loss of will. Balor was a  
fencer, and being young  
wasn't too concerned  
about training as his  
brother Rohan had been.  
He spent most of his  
time speaking with Rohan  
and catching up, which  
seemed in the long term,  
very good for Rohan. In  
this time I was  
Guildmaster of the  
tamers guild, and a Noble  
House Lord in the  
Kingdom of Stormhaven.  
The kingdom suffering the  
dread of the coming age  
began cracking from  
within, and all about the  
land chaos was prevaillant.  
Disputes occured, a new  
threat came and although  
most allies were divided,  
we drove the evil  
Cromidor from the realm.  
The bickering continued  
amongst the Kingdom and  
it's allies, and I felt it  
was time to take the  
remainder of my Guild, to  
independence. We left  
Stormhaven, and took the  
name of the Free Tamers  
of Sosaria. Deeming it  
necessary to isolate  
ourselves from the  
deposed Lord British's  
realm of influence, we  
set our sights on the  
land of Malas. Rohan's  
family home was in  
Trammel, and he wished  
to remain there with  
Terhan and Balor. I

remained there as long as  
I could until the new  
Guildhouse was built, and I  
purchased a home of my  
own on Horseshoe Island.  
Aurora and Father soon  
came to this land shortly  
thereafter. Aurora like  
Terhan was an archer,  
and Father was a  
swordsman turned macer.  
Seeing them as a united  
family again was an  
astonishing feat for all.  
For none had ever  
expected to see them all  
together again. The  
effects on Rohan and  
Father were  
simultaneously beneficial  
to both, and Rohan once  
again ventured out into  
the world, and Father  
took up his weapons and  
set about to restoring  
his old vigour with  
training. Terhan, having  
been so overwhelmed by  
choices, finally took up  
the family way, and  
joined them as a  
practicing member of the  
new way of Chivalry.  
Such was the regalness  
of the Seraphims. Such a  
family may never be  
known in the realm again.  
As for me, I finally  
stepped down as  
Guildmaster, and will go  
on my ways. Having done  
much in this world, and  
still feeling I've done so  
little, now is my time to  
fade away into the mists  
of time, and memory.  
Bruce, Terhan, Balor, and  
Aurora left this land to  
return home. Rohan alone  
remains now to fly the  
family colors again. Doc,  
having had enough of the  
Seraphims views of the  
Virtues, has taken the  
path of Darkness. Last I  
saw him, he was a Dark  
Lord. So it is now, that  
I end this tale of the

Serphim Family History.

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Addendum: I cannot imply,  
nor express as strongly  
as I would like to, the  
importance of the people  
you meet in this world.

So many faces and names  
have passed before me  
over time, each one a  
strand in the long woven  
tapestry of my life.

Without many of the  
strands in my tapestry, I  
fear I could never have  
achieved so much here, or  
could have had the great  
privilege of knowing so  
many wonderful folks. To  
tell my entire tale in full  
detail would consume many  
volumes, just with names  
of those who have left  
an impact on my heart.

Alas, though my memory  
fails me now, many names  
have been forgotten, but  
the name insomuch is not  
as important as the  
emotion stirred with the  
memory.

There are many  
characters I have left  
out of this tale as well.  
Some are well known,  
others not so well known.  
But all in all, behind each  
characters face was my  
own, my words, my deeds,  
and as much as you have  
known of them, so you  
have come to know me. I  
to this end, have become  
to know you all as well,  
through your acceptance  
of my characters. For its  
no wonder that you were  
attracted to me, through  
the same fibres and  
process within  
yourselves. My time in  
this world is done, but  
forever will I carry you  
all in my heart.

Goodbye, and farewell my  
friends, my treasures.

Sincerely,

Lord Ian Fallenhope.

